

Children's Newspaper, May 18, 1946

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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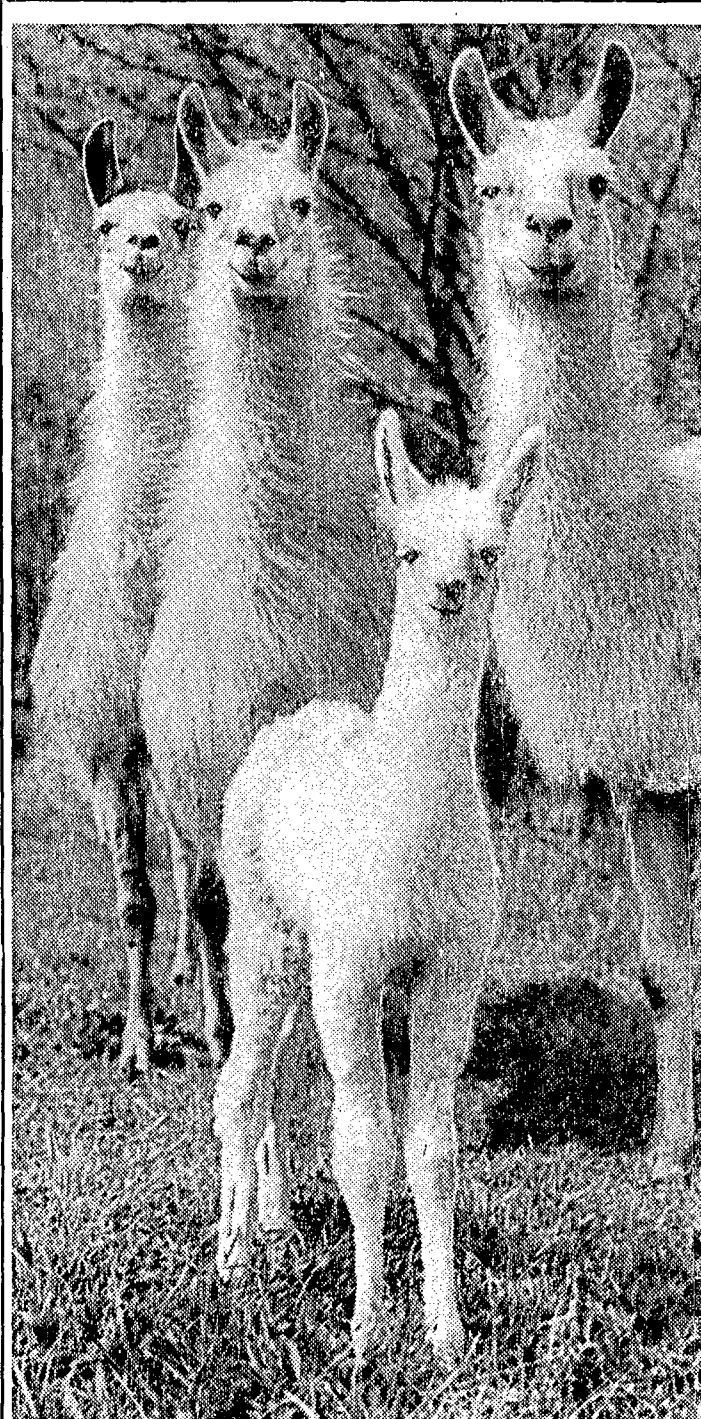
HE FORGOT HOW TO READ

THE case of the small boy who forgot how to read, which we recently reported, has reminded a C N friend of a similar instance which had a happy ending.

Some years ago a farm labourer of 24 asked to be allowed to join the Rover Scouts, and to the surprise of the Group Scouter, the man said he had forgotten how to read and write. He had been living on a farm for ten years and had "got out of the way of it."

The Scouter was deeply interested. On several evenings every week for some months the recruit went to his house and studied, and at the end of the summer, about five months later, the Rover gained the Rambler badge, writing his own diary of a hundred-mile tramp, and drawing his own sketch maps.

It is not unusual for farm labourers to forget what they were taught at school, but it is cheering to hear of one who had the grit to catch up again.



Llamas in Surrey

A four-day-old llama poses for its portrait with the grown-ups at Foxwarren Park private zoo

FACE TO FACE WITH HEATHENDOM

The Free World's Fight Against Evil Things

No truer word was ever spoken than the word of Miss Dorothy Sayers the other day—that Christianity and Heathendom are face to face as never before since the days of Charlemagne.

The frenzied powers that have been built up in Germany in the last ten years have set out on no less daring an adventure than the overturning of the world as we have known it all our lives. All who are out of their teens have lived in a world where Truth and Justice and Liberty, however they may have been abused, were cherished as high ideals and accepted as the basis of our civilisation. Men would have said that they were as universal and secure as the air we breathe, part of the common stock of life. Whatever the difference between nations, the necessity for truthful and honourable dealing with each other was recognised by all civilised peoples.

The Hitler Gospel

No nation openly lied to another. No nation deliberately stole from another. No nation trampled down another merely because it held the physical power to do so. All nations wished at least to be regarded as treating their neighbours justly, and as seeking only for themselves what was fair and right.

Now that clean world of fair play has been disowned by one of the most powerful nations in Europe. The Hitler gospel is the naked pagan creed that they should take who have the power and they should keep who can. It is the open disavowal of God and Right. Nazism recognises Lying, Deceit, Cruelty, and Murder as among a nation's virtues. It is the gospel of the Cave Man. It is the way of the Beast—though in truth it must be said that it is a shame to think a faithful creature like a dog, a noble steed like a horse, would stoop so low as the Nazis do.

But to Hitler men are no more than animals and the world is nothing but a jungle in which the sharpest claws and the strongest teeth must rule. He seizes men and makes them slaves; a hundred million free men has he enslaved before the eyes of the world. Country after country he has trampled down. He is the Whip and the people are his Mules.

Our Power to Help or Hinder

It is this overturning of the world, this open denial of Christianity by a Heathen Power, that is changing the life of every one of us. It is in our power to help or hinder this great fight against evil things, for which our enemy has been preparing with ceaseless vigilance and remorseless efficiency for ten years. Hitler has robbed the German children of their nourishment to build up his pitiless machinery of war.

Nothing has been allowed to stand in his path. Every penny he could tax or steal or obtain by torture has been spent in sharpening the weapon with which he has now set out to dominate the world.

Against him is the host of free men everywhere, either fighting, or looking on, or trembling with fear because they are next in his path. Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and Denmark have all fallen, and the people of these lands are slaves like the people of Germany itself, living under the iron heel of Hitler and his Gestapo of secret police, spies, and torturers. Now Norway is in his grip and Sweden waits and wonders.

The brave Norwegians fight on and the return of their freedom is assured by the valour of the Allied soldiers, sailors, and flying men who have pledged themselves to drive the Nazis out of Norway. The wonderful adventure of the Allied troops which, aided by the matchless heroism of the British Fleet and the almost incredible feats of the Royal Air Force, sought to drive the Germans back, was checked because it was too late, but it has great achievements to its credit, and already Hitler has a bitter price to pay for his invasion of Norway. He has lost a third of his fleet at least, scores of transports and thousands of men, and though a dictator can hide

such ugly facts from his people the whole world knows that it must be a grievous blow to him.

The Allied Governments, knowing how great a disappointment it must be to their people in Britain and France, have had the courage to withdraw on finding themselves without a base for their aeroplanes, but they have not withdrawn from Norway. They fight on at Narvik in the north, where they will stop the flow of iron ore down the Norwegian coast; the fleet will hamper the Nazis in Norway at every turn and check the flow of their supplies; and Hitler will continue to pay the heavy price of an invasion which is not likely to yield him anything of value. In spite of the Allied check it must prove that Norway has been one of the most profound mistakes of the greatest mountebank who ever claimed to be a statesman.

The feelings of bitterness in the Allied countries will pass as the facts of the situation become slowly realised and the experience will be turned to profit by their Governments; but it is the feeling in neutral countries that has become of great concern, for such countries as Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and the five Balkan States are ever at the mercy of the Nazis and live in constant dread that the blow will fall upon them. Are the Allies

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DRAMATIC RACE WITH THE RISING FLOOD

A Woman Who Saved a City

AN exciting story has just come in of the way in which the city of Showchow in inland China was saved when the recent floods burst the river-banks and poured over the countryside.

The floods were the worst in living memory, and added untold suffering to the havoc caused by the Japanese War. When the waters were creeping steadily across the plain Miss Mabel Jones, an American missionary, made her way to Shanghai to plead for money from the Relief Fund Committee to rebuild the wall of Showchow City, which had been partly destroyed when the Japanese marched in. Her plea was that if this wall could be repaired in time the floods might be kept at bay and the city saved.

After much doubt and hesitation the Committee made a grant and Miss Jones departed once more into the interior. She quickly organised a Committee of Chinese to handle the work, put the mayor of the town at the head, and stayed well in the background of the project, only giving it a gentle push when necessary.

About 1200 destitute refugees were put on to the work. They were paid a modest wage; food and clothing were provided for their families, and mass-education classes were arranged for all who cared to attend.

Junks and sampans were busy plying to and fro through the floods, bringing the necessary building materials. The spirit of the people changed, and almost overnight Showchow became a boom town. Everyone worked with a will, keeping one eye on the wall and the other on the advancing waters. The breaches in the wall were made good only just in time.

But the problem remained—could the crazy old walls be strengthened sufficiently to resist the pressure of the waters? And could they be built high enough to keep out the tide which was already beginning to rise?

First of all the weak points in the wall were strongly buttressed. But by this time the water had reached the wall, and now began a race with the rising floods. As the workers added brick to brick the waters were silently rising inch by inch. As

the last few feet of wall went up the workers were only a hand's breadth above the flood. Flood and wall were rising side by side. When the water was at its height a man could kneel on the top of the new wall and wash his hands. Once a strong east wind came up and the north-east wall began to crack. If it collapsed the entire population would be caught like rats in a trap, and be drowned outright. It was at this point that the Japanese garrison hired a fleet of boats and fled from the city,

begging Miss Jones, as the only other foreigner, to go with them. But she refused. Her place, she said, was with the people she had come to serve.

Happily, the workmen, working in 24-hour shifts, managed to stay the flood. The pressure of the water was terrific, made all the greater by the wind. That night the wind changed, and in the days that followed the waters slowly subsided. It was an American woman, with the help of the Relief Fund, who had saved the city.

The Great Idea Growing Out of the War

BIG STEP TO A FRIENDLY EUROPE

THE idea of the Anglo-French Federation as the beginning of a United Europe is to have as one of its great foundations a great alliance between the schools of the two nations.

Everything possible is to be done to familiarise French youth and children with a knowledge of English, and, by exhibitions touring the French provinces, with objects revealing the life, products, and institutions of the British Commonwealth.

We for our part are to spread the teaching of French in schools, so excellent an established feature of B B C, and to supplement this by the issue of pamphlets and books to familiarise our rising generation with French life and language, so that the happy alliance of the two Empires may have its foundations in the homes and hearts of the children.

If we do succeed in freely speaking each other's language, as is hoped, we shall have something like the state of things that prevailed from the Roman Conquest up to the time of Chaucer, when both French and English were spoken here. The mass of the people, the poor and the serfs, spoke only English, but the members of the Court, the Church, and the people of wealth

talked French among themselves and wrote in Latin.

It is remarkable to realise how great were the difficulties put in the way of the English language; it was boycotted in official quarters in England.

So it was that little was written in the native tongue for two centuries after the Norman Conquest. In the Courts lawyers argued their cases in French and the results were recorded in Latin. It was deemed revolutionary when, in the latter half of the 14th century, a Chancellor opened three Parliaments in English, and the result was that an Act was passed permitting Law Court cases to be transacted in English, though the judgments were still set out in Latin.

Until the end of the reign of Henry the Fourth State correspondence was conducted in French, but by that time, however, Wycliffe had given his countrymen the English Bible and Chaucer had written his poems.

We shall not again abandon our own matchless language, but the rising generation will doubtless grow up with a complete command of both the French and the English languages.

Making Friends With a Fox

A C N friend on a Kent farm is trying to bring up a fox cub to share bed and board with his cat and dog, which already form a happy pair in a kennel.

He is Mr F. C. Hynard, of Eynsford, who has made one of the best films of village life in England and now wishes to add to it something of this little animal's behaviour.

Having captured the cub from an earth on his farm, Mr Hynard set him free on an enclosed tennis court and was rewarded by a film of the creature's efforts to escape by gnawing the wire with its sharp teeth. Reynard was next taken into the house, fed, and placed in a basket which was tightly secured by a double sack. During the night the fox bit its way out of the sacking and escaped

when the door was left open next morning, quitting without trace.

During the following night the whole family was roused from bed by the insistent barking of their dog, which, growling fiercely, at length led his master to the entrance of the tennis court. There, inside the court, was the fox crouching against the wire. Evidently on escaping from the house the fox had encountered the wire from outside, and, thinking himself imprisoned, he burrowed his way under it and so actually imprisoned himself again, rousing the suspicion of the dog.

Taken into the house and fed regularly, the little fox already shows signs of becoming friendly, and we hope he will, for he is in a good and happy and clever family.

A Friend Lost to the World

All humane and moral causes have lost a great friend by the passing of Sir John Harris. Born in King Alfred's birthplace of Wantage, he did much to spread the bounds of truth and freedom everywhere. He travelled thousands of miles through jungles and forest, fought against slavery and forced labour on the Congo, sat in Parliament, crusaded for peace, and gave his utmost strength and zeal towards building up a happier world for all the Misérables.

THINGS SEEN

A seal sitting on one of the guns of the Graf Spee as she lies half submerged outside Monte Video harbour.

A swan's nest by the medieval bridge at Eynsford in Kent.

A sparrow picking up a bus ticket and flying with it to her nest.

Five public clocks wrong in Bournemouth on one morning.

Little News Reels

For the first time on record a woman has been appointed Deputy-Chairman of the London Missionary Society; she is Mrs Chaffey of Weston-super-Mare.

There has been a slight increase in the number of boys at Eton this half-term; the total now being over 1100.

Southern Rhodesia has promised to contribute £1,500,000 a year to the cost of the war.

In nine years the Baptists have raised £875,000 in this country for new buildings; this is the last year of the Forward Movement.

Over 1500 iron rails are being removed from Battersea Park, producing about 40 tons of scrap.

Members of the Women's Land Army have helped to shear the 525 sheep in Hyde Park.

Nearly 1000 tons of waste paper and cardboard have been collected by 11,700's 70 dustmen. It has produced a sum of £1015, and the men are to get a bonus of £3 12s 6d each.

The Queen has sent 79 articles to British prisoners in Germany.

There were only half as many lifeboat launches last month as in March, yet the April number was still a record for the month—48. Since the war lifeboats have been launched over 800 times.

The Pilgrim Trust having started a scheme for encouraging music and arts, its chairman (Lord Macmillan) has received a shilling from a man who says he has always liked music and darts and hopes the Trust will go on with its good work.

A much esteemed minister in Scotland writes to tell us of a fine old chorister at Penicuik in Midlothian who has been in the choir every Sunday for 72 years, except on his holidays; he is Mr John Dever, now nearly blind, but honoured by all.

It has just been revealed that the oysters were among the chief sufferers from the bitter frosts of the past winter.

A Norwegian patrol boat being trapped in a fjord when the Germans invaded Norway, four of the crew escaped in a small boat and crossed the North Sea to the Scottish coast.

Kent farm labourers have agreed to work an extra hour a week, for which their employers pay a shilling towards the purchase of Savings Certificates.

Guide and Scout News Reel

Montreal Scouts, who have a Natural History Club, have taken colour films of bird life in Quebec and islands in the Gulf of St Lawrence.

Rover Scouts in Durban collected 250 dozen eggs and distributed them to needy families in a 120-mile area within five hours.

A new camp site has been reserved for Scouts by the Forestry Commission near Llanrwst in Denbighshire.

Scouts of Upper Burma regularly clean and refill animal drinking troughs, help in traffic control, and look after orphan boys.

Guides of North Ife Division are running a mobile canteen for local searchlight units, and are trying to provide them with wireless sets or gramophones.

Ipswich Guides have collected 20,146 eggs for the East Suffolk and Ipswich Hospital.

Milford Guides helped a farmer with potato planting, and sent the money they earned toward the Guide gift of two air ambulances and a lifeboat for the nation.

The Smoke Telegraph in the Wireless Age

This is the story of two of the loneliest policemen in the world, one using a portable transmitting set to cover his vast distances, the other using smoke signals.

MOUNTED Constable Groverman, a smart young man with a difficult task ahead, has just arrived at Oodnadatta from Adelaide. His beat will not be a few city blocks, but the vast area extending to the Western Australian and the Northern Territory border. Accompanied by a black tracker, the arm of the law will never stay more than one night in the same spot. His job will be to protect the aborigines from exploitation and prevent cattle stealing. Even when he is in the very remotest part of this north-west country he will keep in constant touch with Oodnadatta and other

stations by means of a portable transmitting and receiving set.

His is a much more interesting job than that of Constable Stokes, who must surely be the loneliest policeman in the Commonwealth. He is in charge of a watering and fuel base for pearlers on Elcho Island, one of the most beautiful and fertile islands on the dreary Arnhem Land coast. He sometimes sees pearling luggers, and four times a year the Northern Territory patrol boat pays him a welcome call, but for the most part his only visitors are wandering aborigines from the mainland. He has no wireless, but when he wants to send an urgent message through to Darwin, 400 miles away, the natives get it through by means of smoke signals!

NEWS DICTIONARY

Fjord. A long, narrow, deep inlet of the sea in rocky coasts like those of Norway and Scotland, this geographical feature is found in regions that have been under an ice-cap, where glaciers have scooped out valleys, which the sea has entered as the level of the land has fallen.

Fylke. The name given to a county in Norway, which has 18. Each Fylke is governed by a Fylkesmann who acts as chairman of the Fylkesting, a body similar to our County Council.

Pantellaria. This volcanic island between Sicily and North Africa has assumed great importance because Signor Mussolini has fortified it, so that it is a rival to Malta 150 miles to the east. Pantellaria covers 32 square miles, and is famous for its hot springs.

White Book. German Government publications are called White Books, as our own are called Blue Books. The colours of the Government publications in other countries are: Green, Italy and Mexico; Red, Spain; Grey, Japan; Yellow, France and China; White, Portugal.

160,000 Better Lads

A new idea to encourage 160,000 British working lads to reach a higher level of physical fitness has occurred to the National Association of Boys Clubs, the ultimate aims being "wholesome living, happiness, and worthy citizenship."

Each of the 1700 clubs in the Association is invited to show "that its members as a whole have reached a reasonable standard of physical achievement," and if the claim is approved the club will be awarded a trophy—a bronze medalion with the emblem of a lion and a crown of wild olive, the old Greek award for valour.

The Lapwing's Nest

It is high time our lapwings learnt that Britain is ploughing for victory.

Only the other day one of these birds, which love to lay eggs in hollows on the bare ground, was alarmed to see a ploughman approaching. The field had never been under the plough, but the war was bringing it into commission. The frightened bird flew anxiously round her eggs, and became almost panic-stricken as the horses approached.

But she need not have feared. The ploughman turned his plough aside, leaving the eggs unharmed.

Face to Face With Heathendom

Continued from page 1

able to help them if the blow should fall? The answer is plain, though the neutrals are blinded to it by fear. The Allies can help them if they are called upon in time. Norway could have been saved if Norway had been ready. Rejecting the opportunity of Allied aid, the Norwegian Government left their appeal until the traitors within her borders had done their work and let the Nazis in, giving them time to possess every aerodrome in Norway before the Allies could arrive. The fate of the neutrals who trust in Germany or submit to the terrors it imposes on them cannot be averted by any force called in too late.

As for the Balkans, their fate hangs on a thread, for Italy has startled her best friends by allowing her controlled press to spread false news and to write as if Italy would come to the aid of Hitler. It is believed that the King of Italy, like the Pope, is entirely opposed to such a course, and it is known to all that the Italian people have no

wish to fight against Britain, for they love the English people who have been familiar in their beautiful cities for so many generations. Not a man in the British Empire is there who wants war with Italy.

It can hardly be possible that in this fight for the foundations of Christianity the Ark of Christendom itself, the Eternal City, should be on the side of the Pagan Nazis who have dethroned Right and Truth and worshipped Hitler as a god. The poor misguided peoples of the world have been many times betrayed, but never quite like that, and we must believe that the entry of Italy into the war on the side of the Nazis is a crime beyond the power of any rulers to commit. Come what may, we march forward through much tribulation, knowing that, though we may lose battles, we do not lose wars, and that nothing is more certain than the final overthrow of the Pagan Host that would trample down our liberties, destroy our faith, and make us German slaves.

To Our Readers

The C N begs the consideration of its readers in these days of heavy postage and short supplies of paper, and will not in future be able to reply to letters unless an addressed envelope bearing a 2d stamp is enclosed. Also it cannot undertake to return manuscripts unless fully stamped envelopes are enclosed.

Will you kindly pass on this copy of the paper when done with?

A Stranger Calls

An entire stranger walked into Lancaster Infirmary the other day and handed the superintendent an envelope, remarking that it was a donation instead of the legacy he intended leaving the hospital. In the envelope were eight £100 notes.

The C N in Geneva

Would any reader like to subscribe to send the C N to the Library of the League of Nations in Geneva, which wishes to keep its files up to date in these difficult times? The Editor would like to hear from anyone willing to render this service to Peace.

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The Children's Newspaper

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THREE MEN OF HIGH HONOUR

From invaded Oslo in Norway, and from battered Helsinki in Finland, have come two letters to our leading scientific periodical (Nature) which strike a strange note in these violent days. From Oslo Professor Vegard, who is the world's foremost authority on the Aurora and the height of its displays in the Northern atmosphere, writes to announce a new discovery far above the stratosphere. From Helsinki Professor Artur Virtanen sends a sadder message, for it tells of the death of three of his younger colleagues "my collaborators, who gave their lives for their country—all men on whose forehead Our Lord has written the word Honour."

THE DRY MAGAZINE

An American magazine has begun to print two editions, one for people who drink beer or wine and one for temperance folk. The editorial matter is the same in each case, but readers who ask to be put on the dry list may have the edition with all the advertisements for alcohol omitted, and other things advertised instead. This policy was adopted in response to the requests of readers.

A BIRD'S NEST

We come upon this in a letter from a twelve-year-old scholar in an Australian rural school.

About half a mile from North Tamborine, on the way to Lahey's Lookout, there is a bower bird's playground. A friend of ours told us of it, so we went to see it, and found it hidden among some small bushes.

The bower, about a foot high, was made of brushwood, and strewn all about with a curious collection of blue articles: pieces of china, glass, paper, rags, shells; all daubed with blue, a blue-handled toothbrush, blue feathers and several partly-used knobs of washing-blue.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow scarlet runners, also broccoli and cauliflower. Make successional sowings of lettuce and radishes.

Thin out carrots, as soon as the strongest plants can be distinguished, about six inches apart. This will allow every alternate one to be drawn for use in growing state, leaving the rest to mature.

Sow spinach for succession, and turnips for summer use; thin out crops sufficiently advanced. Keep the hoe at work among seedling plants to check weeds, which at this time of the year grow rapidly.

WHO IS HE?

In Kirk St Patrick cemetery in the Isle of Man is a grave behind which must be a pathetic story. It is the last resting-place of a young man whose body was washed up by the sea at Douglas. The body was never identified, but a lady went to the expense of burying the unknown man, and of erecting a simple but beautiful monument over his grave. The inscription says, "Some Mother's Son," and all the year round there are flowers, for the lady left enough money to pay for them.

Green Herbs in Essex

Dear C.N.,

Fresh young stinging nettles are plentiful in our corner of Essex. Equipped with stout gloves and a basket, we gathered enough for greens for Sunday dinner. Cooked in the same way as spinach, well drained, chopped, and seasoned with a lump of butter when we can spare it, we find they make a very good dish. Next time we are going to try them for supper with a poached egg on top.

But our experiments with Essex dandelions were not so successful. They were tough and bitter, pulled straight from the hedgerows and

The Roman Emperor's Feast

We were Saying Grace in the C.N. the other day and in truth we should be thankful.

Long before rations were a topic in the home, so long ago that aeroplanes were only just beginning to fly, a French aviator came to Brooklands to show us a plane flying round and round above the track.

Among the visitors who came to see this astonishing sight was Herr von Durnberg, the German Colonial Minister, who at the luncheon table next to ours entertained some German friends and sang to them praises of the English mutton he had ordered. Nothing like English mutton, he told them; it could not be got anywhere but in England.

When lately there were complaints that the meat ration included too much mutton and

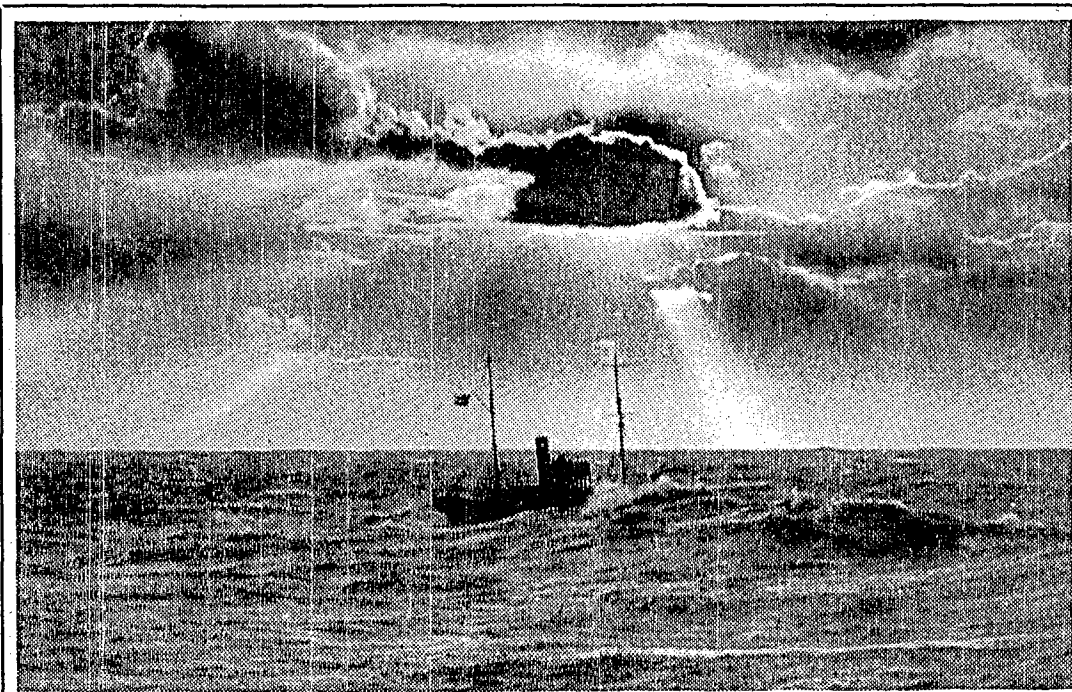
lamb this bygone memory came back to us, and with it the reflection that in England now few realise how well fed they are. Aladdin with his wonderful lamp could not have fared as well as we, who can find nearly all the world's foods at the shops round the corner. A good family dinner today would have made a Roman Emperor green with envy.

About 174 B.C. the Romans had no cooks, and no luxuries beyond porridge, fish, and game; but when Roman emperors began to enlarge their conquests they brought new foods and cooking back from Asia. The Emperor Vitellius sent his legions everywhere to find fare for his enormous banquets, and here is what he gave them. First course: conger eels, oysters, mussels, thrushes on asparagus, and fat fowls. Second

course: more fish, venison, wild boar, and wildfowl. Third course: boar's head, fried fish, duck, partridge, lampreys, brains of peacocks or flamingoes, and mushrooms.

There was a rude plenty, but not much refinement. The feasts of Nero, his predecessor, were notorious, but it was quantity, not quality, that marked these orgies. The guests ate till they could hardly breathe.

But how limited was their bill of fare compared with ours! They had no potatoes, tomatoes, chocolate, rice, coffee, tea, sugar, cauliflowers, onions, coconuts, bananas, and they were very short of spices. When the Huns overran Italy, Attila demanded 3000 pounds of pepper as part of the ransom of Rome. All these things are ours, and a hundred more the Romans never knew.



A stout little trawler sweeping enemy mines from the shipping lanes

SO THE GOOD WORK GOES ON

It is heartening to read of a decision just taken by the London Missionary Society, which is now housed in Cheshunt College, Cambridge. The L.M.S. has agreed to undertake the responsibility for one year of one missionary of the Free Church of Finland, working in North India; one missionary of the Paris Missionary Society, working in Madagascar; and one missionary of the Berlin Missionary Society, working in Africa.

These three missions are, like all good things today, in deep waters, and the German missionaries in Africa have received no money since the outbreak of war and are in desperate straits. The L.M.S. is today in financial need, but it has allowed its public spirit to prevail and has resolved to help even a German mission in distress.

served up as salad. A French friend tells us to spy out a number of very young plants and place a tile or brick over them. The plant that grows underneath will, she says, be tender and sweet. And she begs us not to mess it up with bananas. (Smith Minor is right; they want oranges.) A hard-boiled egg, salt, pepper, oil, and a small quantity of vinegar or lemon juice is what is needed to finish off one of the health-giving salads which have helped to make French cooking famous. Do not injure the Franco-British accord with bananas!

Constant Reader

HOME AGAIN

From a Correspondent

I shall not easily forget a scene I saw today, a soldier in khaki coming along the pavement, his heavy boots clattering. Many doors were closed, but one was open, and from it ran a little maid, hair flying in the wind, face aglow with excitement, her arms stretched out as she cried, Daddy!

In the doorway stood a woman looking inexpressibly happy, though there were tears in her eyes.

And then, along the street came the soldier home from the Front, on his shoulder the radiant little maid, clapping her hands and laughing.

RAMIE

We have heard of cloth being manufactured in Germany from the bark of trees, and now comes word from Australia of a wonderfully-wearing cloth named Ramie, made from the bark of a plant.

It is soon to be manufactured on a big scale in Sydney. It is made from the Boehmeria Nivea, a perennial plant of the stinging nettle variety cultivated in New South Wales and Queensland, growing six feet high.

Ramie is claimed to be eight times stronger than cotton, seven times stronger than silk, and three times stronger than the finest flax.

CIVILISATION

From the Yorkshire coast comes this story of a lifeboat which put out to sea to rescue a German pilot and his crew. As one of the men was lifted into the lifeboat he moaned, drowsily, "Where am I?"

"Tha's in civilised parts now," replied one of the Yorkshiremen.

SOMETHING LIKE LEATHER

"There's nothing like leather," says the old adage; a statement challenged by a diner at a country hotel who declared that his steak was.

As was the case in the last war, Britain has to meet Allied demands as well as her own, so that the call for leather at present is abnormally heavy.

In addition to millions of square feet of leather for repairs, the military services of the country require 500,000 pairs of motor-drivers' leather gloves every year, 260,000 pairs of Army boots every week, and an immediate two million pairs of boots for the French army. The call for bootlaces reaches the astonishing total of 17 million pairs, and whale-hide is being tried as a substitute for leather.

No Atom is Safe Now

No atom can now consider itself safe. Every known element has been changed into another by the atom smashers who have realised the dream of the ancient alchemists by turning mercury into gold.

The process is, however, more costly than the gold produced, because of the expense of making and working the gigantic instruments that batter the atom with streams or particles of other atoms. One of these was recently illustrated in the C.N., but the most powerful is the 200-ton cyclotron constructed by Professor E. O. Lawrence, which sends out a

CHINA AFTER 3 WAR YEARS

His Excellency Mr Quo Tai Chi, the Chinese Ambassador, in summing up China's position after three years of conflict with Japan the other day, reminded his audience that China's refugee population is between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000—more than the population of our Island. It is to the credit of the Public Health Services of China that this great host of homeless people have passed through three winters without witnessing the outbreak of any great epidemic. The Health Services dealing with the situation were built up in collaboration with experts sent out by the League of Nations.

EIRE ANOTHER DENMARK

Our trade with Denmark was worth £35,000,000 a year to the Danes; in some years it rose to nearly £50,000,000. These supplies were of very great importance to us and now that they are cut off we have to look elsewhere for imported eggs, butter, bacon, and other foods.

Eire, still the Emerald Isle, hopes to take a bigger share in supplying the British market. She can send us increased supplies of dairy produce as well as of cattle, sheep, and pigs.

Eire has a fine cultivable area of fully 12,000,000 acres and she feels that if Denmark could send us £13,000,000 of butter in a year Eire ought to improve her sales to us, at present £2,000,000.

£150 FROM CECIL RHODES

The Rhodes Trustees have made a striking departure in their policy by making a grant of £150 towards the cost of an Indian doctor's training. The doctor is the son of Bishop Azariah, and is at present working with a Medical Mission in South India. Dr Azariah is to come to England for a course of training at Moorfields Eye Hospital, and though he does not come as a Rhodes Scholar, he is to receive a grant from the Rhodes Fund, the first Indian to do so.

CASH AND CARRY ON THE HOME FRONT

We find that in spite of all their troubles our courteous shopkeepers still offer to send home our smallest purchases, and to book them.

These well-meant helps must in the aggregate involve a very big waste of paper and petrol, to say nothing of labour which might find better fields in the service of the nation. What, it seems, is needed is a campaign for paying cash for our purchases and carrying them home ourselves except in the case of goods weighing many pounds.

Competing traders, we fear, will be the last to promote such a scheme, though they would all benefit from it; but it is for us, their customers, to insist on the Cash and Carry, please, dear Shoppers.

beam of particles moving at 25,000 feet a second. This amazing beam leaves the cyclotron carrying 6000 million particles a second, and is the nearest approach to an imaginary death ray.

It does not, however, kill the elements it bombards, but only changes them into something new and strange. These new births are most often another form of the same atom of the element. Thus, though there are only 90 known elements, the additional forms of them thus revealed bring the number up to 386. The additional forms are called their Isotopes.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



HISTORY CALLING

THE dream of universal domination has obsessed the souls of the human pests of the past, and was partly realised by Alexander and the Pax Romana; but the judgment of history has always shown the instability and fragility of these pyramids standing on their pointed end.

Bismarck had in Hitler a successor who could have built up a wonderfully prosperous Germany, invincible if he had established its power upon a peace devoted to hard work. Clearly Hitler would have done that had he been a statesman instead of a mountebank.

But Hitler longed to drink out of the cup of Darius, and intoxicated himself with the ancient poison. He dreamed of a universal Pax Germanica with an insatiable lust for domination, without scruple as to the means by which he won his power.

The desperate descent of Germany on Norway may yet be the turning-point in the succession of the gambler's throws, hitherto fortunate but at last, as always, ending in the downfall of the gambler.

Young Patriot

PLEASE, teacher, when do the sixes and sevens have to register?

A little boy in a Yorkshire school

Learning and War

OUR universities are not to be starved in wartime; such is the excellent decision of the Government.

The State grant of over £2,000,000 to the seats of learning is to be continued as in peace. It would be a thousand pities if the spread of knowledge were to suffer. When, after the Peace of Tilsit, Germany was under the yoke, a great German said "Only education can save us." That is a true saying, and one for remembrance.

We earnestly hope, therefore, that Local Authorities will follow the good example of the Government and maintain their customary grants to universities.

Sweet Litter Lout

THE Verger requests that friends who must eat sweets in church will kindly eat the paper as well. Wartime appeal in a Sussex Parish Magazine

THIS AND THAT

It must not be supposed that the word patriotism means the same in Germany as in France.

The patriotism of the French consists in this: the heart warms; through this warmth it expands; it enlarges so as to encompass with its all-embracing love, not only the nearest and dearest, but all France, all civilisation.

The patriotism of the Germans, on the contrary, consists in narrowing and contracting the heart, just as leather contracts in the cold; in hating foreigners; in ceasing to be European and cosmopolitan, and in adopting a narrow and exclusive Germanism. Heinrich Heine the German

THE BIBLE ON THE NEWS

He That Hateth His Brother
He that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not where he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes. Epistle of St John

Letter Bag Surprise

NOTHING is so surprising as the postbag, and it has always been so. A friend of ours has been looking at a letter written by Augustus Toplady, author of Rock of Ages, and the letter makes it clear that as he lay ill John Wesley wished to visit him, and Toplady replied, saying that he would not have his last hours contaminated by intercourse with a man whose arguments were those of Bedlam and whose language was that of Billingsgate.

The Cornish Farmer Could Not Do It

A CORNISH farmer was looking out over his fields the other day, knowing that his work had been good, and thinking of his reward as the season came round.

Then, speaking of the war, he said: "I'd hate to destroy another fellow's crops—he's worked for them, as I have for mine."

Does it not sum up the spirit of the war? We fight without hate, even though we may feel shameful and indignant at all this silly and futile upsetting of our lives.

Wanton destruction does not lie in the soul of our people.

THE THINGS THAT ARE NOT IN THE BUDGET

Dear C.N.,

WE have all, as behoves good citizens, been thinking about the Budget. The mind of every British man or woman, boy or girl, has been staggered by its immense figures. We cannot grasp them.

We are all wondering, too, how each little home in our island can balance its own particular budget, not forgetting how much we can lend to help our dear country. Daddy finds his tobacco dearer. Mummy tries to find foods which feed us but are perhaps not so expensive as usual when counted in money. And Tommy and Mary find their Saturday's penny buys fewer sweets, because the sugar in them costs more.

Well, we are told to dig deep for Victory, and I have been digging deep into my mind to see how the Budget affects the mind. Are you surprised to hear me say—not at all?

It is well to remember what the C.N. has so often told us—that some of the best things are not taxed. The air we breathe is still free, and not all the Governments in the world can ration it. This Spring is later than usual in coming, and the hedgerows are, if anything, more beautiful for the waiting, and the lovely fore-runners, the bursting hawthorn leaves, seem to have a fresher green than ever. Snowdrop and crocus have been charming, daffodils and primroses, anemones and violets—have they not been dazzling in their beauty? We have discovered again the joys of reading, and the pleasures of friendship in the Blackout. Remember that the rich heritage of English literature can never be taxed by any Budget.

You see what treasure we may find by digging in the garden of the mind?

Let me sum up what I have been trying to say. The things to be taxed are material, and we shall find how to use less of them; the things that are not taxed are spiritual, and we cannot live without them. Life itself is all that matters, and the spirit we bring to it is the sole test of living.

HENHAMITE

THESE THREE

By The Pilgrim

THERE came to mind the other day the words of Job, Eyes was I to the blind and feet to the lame.

We were walking in the Valley Gardens at Harrogate on a lovely Spring morning when three people came towards us, two of them blind and deaf and dumb. One had linked her arms in those of her afflicted companions, and she herself rejoiced in the possession of all her faculties. She had a lovely face.

How busy she was! Her fingers were never still, for every moment she was talking with them to the two prisoners in her charge, prisoners in a dark and silent world, and we knew she was telling them of the glory of the day, the beauty of the flowers, the songs of the birds, and all the marvellous appearing of the life of Spring.

Two sad figures, full of pathos, but one gay and rejoicing, full of good courage.

JUST AN IDEA

It is not only in War but in Peace that we learn that sometimes it takes more courage to retreat than to advance.

THE FLAG FLIES OVER

THE Governments of two nations of the British Commonwealth have taken steps to ensure the future of their most primitive subjects. Australia is to set up native courts served by aboriginal police; South Africa is to establish a Reserve for Bushmen.

Australia has already proved the value of native courts and police in New Guinea, and last month her Minister of the Interior announced the setting up of courts to adjust disputes among the aborigines in which selected members of these primitive peoples are to share authority with white magistrates and advise them on native customs. A force of native police, too, is to be trained at Darwin.

Colonel Deneys Reitz, whom C.N. readers will remember as the right-hand man of General Smuts in his triumphant effort to bring South Africa into the war, is the Minister responsible for the Native Affairs in that Dominion, so he will be the protector of the Bushmen whom the Government are to save from extinction.

He is to set up a Reserve of 20,000 acres in the Gordonia District of Bechuanaland, where the last of the pure-bred Bushmen will be fed and looked after by a ranger. This step in the interest of science and humanity has been taken only just in time, for Colonel Reitz doubts whether even as many as 100 true Bushmen now exist.

Rays For the Gold Miner

Sweden, in such a difficult position because of its iron mines in Lapland, has also a gold mine there, at Boliden. It is worked all the year round, including the months of the Arctic winter from mid-September to mid-March. The continual darkness of the Arctic night in those months has always handicapped the miners, but a notable improvement in their health and spirits is due to the establishment of a solarium for them.

It is lined with sheets of aluminium bronze which reflect and intensify the rays from four powerful sun lamps and four huge heat lamps. Along a gangway between guard rails the miners pace for two to three minutes every other day while the rays pour on their bodies. One result among others is that there are 84 per cent fewer working days lost than before.

Farm Boys at Sixpence an Hour

Many schoolboys will be working on our farms this summer to help the National Food Campaign. Terms have been arranged as follows: Boys under 16, fivepence an hour; over 16, sixpence an hour. Boys will pay out of this for their food and fares.

National health and unemployment insurance will not be payable, but the boys are to be insured against accidents. They will live either in barns and outhouses or under canvas. Camp sites will be selected to suit local farmers, and the camps will consist of from 6 to 25 boys, with an adult in charge.

The Home Secretary has given permission for local country children to work four hours a day on farms during holidays only. Plans for whole-time employment on farms for boys who have left school are shortly to be announced.

Poland in



Though overrun by invaders Poland at the New York World's Fair suggesting the spirit of the nation

The Great Greenland Mystery

THE British flag flies over Denmark's Faroe Islands, and Iceland has been promised the protection of the flag against the Nazis; but Denmark has a colony which has been the subject of much speculation since the German seizure of its Motherland.

It is the great island of Greenland, which has only about 500 Danes among a population of 17,000 natives. Most of the area of 736,000 square miles is covered by a vast ice-cap, but there is still the thrilling possibility that one day the descendants of a lost colony of Norwegians may be found somewhere in the Arctic wastes. The story begins ten centuries ago.

In 986 Eric the Red, who had discovered Greenland, founded two colonies there, an eastern and a western, which seem to have flourished for a time, but were afterwards neglected by Norway, under whose domination they had come. Soon after 1340 they were attacked by Eskimos from the

north, and their connection with Europe grew less and less till, in 1448, all association ceased, and even Greenland was completely forgotten.

When the land was re-discovered in 1585 by John Davis the Eskimos were the only inhabitants. The Norwegian colonists had all vanished. So mysterious was this disappearance that it has been called "the greatest riddle in the history of the world."

Where did the people go? They could not have gone to sea, for they had only one or two ships, and, as Greenland is without trees, they could build no more. They could hardly have been destroyed completely by the Eskimos, for they would have been more than a match for the enemy. There is no reason to suppose they had suffered from any epidemic.

Ever since John Davis discovered this mysterious disappearance the possibility of remnants of a Scandinavian population being found

Under the Editor's Table

ITALY cannot merely look on, says an Italian. Wants to have a look in.

LONDON'S Green Belt is to be ploughed to grow food. So that London need not tighten its belt.

THE world takes its hat off to the British taxpayer, says a newspaper. It might give him a crown.

SWIMMING and punting will soon start on our rivers. And be current topics.

A GROWING demand—Dig for Victory.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If telephone subscribers will be called up

A LIBRARIAN suggests that the public is prejudiced against a thin book. Nothing in it.

A CERTAIN producer wants to make Shakespeare's plays more comic. Many actors have done that already.

THE Nazis will soon be driven out of Norway, says an American. We say they will run out.

GREEDY boys are sometimes unusually observant. Take everything in.

RUSSIA is trying to get our cement. And finding it hard.

THE STONE AGE MEN

Their characteristic feature is their yellow skin, yet among those appearing at the Empire Exhibition at Johannesburg three years ago only one had this skin, so difficult has been their struggle for existence as a race among the sand dunes of the Kalahari Desert, with their hand against every man and every man's against them.

The Bushmen have never risen above the conditions under which the earlier Stone Age Men passed their lives, living by hunting and fishing, yet clever enough to draw the creatures they hunted on the walls of their caves. There was a time when they were the only inhabitants of the continent of Africa. Where there are no caves

they build domed huts of plaited reeds in which they lie down to sleep in their mantles of springbok skin, their tiny bows and poisoned arrows ready to their hand. Less than five feet tall, they resemble Negroes in the shape of their heads, but differ in the straightness of the face and in their yellow skin. They believe in an after-life, for they place goods in their graves and form cairns to which the passer-by must add his stone.

Scientists believe that the Bushman is a true survivor of that type to which our own Galley Hill Man belonged 100,000 years ago, and which inhabited Europe in the reindeer epoch when the Ice Age was at its close.

The Real Tarzan of the Apes

Professor Raymond Dart, of the Witwatersrand University, Johannesburg, has after long inquiry set out the facts about the so-called baboon boy of South Africa about whom many tales have been told.

In 1903 some of the Cape Mounted Rifles dispersed a party of baboons in northern Cape Colony, and found one of the party lagging behind. On coming up to what they supposed to be a baboon they found that the laggard was a native boy about 12 years old. They took him to the nearest station, where the boy was found to be almost a wild animal. He had a tendency to walk on all fours, chattered like an ape, had the strongest objection to cold water, and ate for preference raw corn and prickly pears, once 89 at a meal. But after some years he learned to talk, and worked on a farm, where before he died he became a trusty servant.

The Lake Counties in One Volume

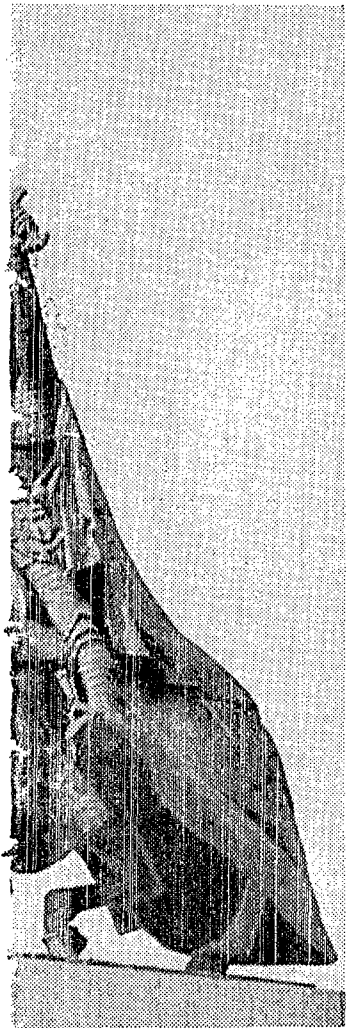
Lake Counties. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s 6d.

Arthur Mee has done a great service to Cumberland and Westmorland in this book. It tells in a new way the story of almost every hill and dale and every lake and stream around.

It is not the pedantic language of the historian or the archaeologist that is used, but that of the lover pure and simple. The charm of Lakeland prevails from first page to last; it is something which does for our Lakeland a task which had long awaited the touch of a worthy artist.

If it could be made a textbook for the schools it would be one of the best ways imaginable of inculcating a love and knowledge of their native counties. Penrith Observer

America



and is to be represented again. Here is the striking figure in front of the Polish Pavilion

History of 1000 Years Ago

somewhere in the Arctic has been the subject of discussion, and expeditions have been fitted out to make a search. That the colony was a comparatively large and flourishing one is clear from remains of houses that have been found. There are traces of at least a hundred settlements, and the vanished population has been estimated at from ten to a hundred thousand.

The Eskimos have always had a tradition that the white men of long ago went away suddenly to a warm land in the north, where the Eskimos dared not follow for fear of evil spirits.

Is it possible there might be such a land? We must remember that within the boundaries of the Polar Sea lies the second greatest unexplored area on the globe, a million square miles on which no modern foot has trod. Somewhere in this great solitude may be a land of at least 50,000 square miles, encircled by a volcanic range of mountains and heated by hot springs, spouting

geysers, and numerous boiling pools. This heat may make of the land a fertile plateau, capable of growing food supplies for a considerable population. At Disco, in Greenland, orchids, warmed by natural hot springs, blossom out of doors in winter, and the same feature multiplied would make possible a habitable country in the Polar Sea.

It is a pity, surely, that the energies of men cannot be devoted to the solution of such problems as these, and the exploration of great wastes, instead of to destruction.

Russian Rice

The farmers of the Ukraine are beginning to plant rice, 3700 acres having been sown last year. Rice is so essentially an Asiatic crop that we are apt to forget that it is grown in Spain and Italy, the Italian acreage being more extensive than that devoted to rye or sugar-beet. The plains of Lombardy are the main Italian source, while the plains of Valencia produce the Spanish rice.

C N CALLING

Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed—but it returneth!
Shelley

Recipe For Happiness

To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to think, to read, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy. John Ruskin

Paradise Regained

My travels sometimes take me where kings of men abide, The ruler in his splendour, the rich man in his pride;
And some would have me tarry, "Why farther need you roam?" I answer, "Sirs, forgive me, but I must needs go Home."

They think to do me kindness, they'd give me of their state: They know not how I hunger to pass from out their gate. Full glorious is their dwelling, with arch and porch and dome, But in my heart is something that will not call it Home.

Down, down from that proud hill-top my footsteps gladly wend To sweet and humble Quiet that knows me for a friend, To bread of mine own earning, to hedge, and grass, and loam, To birds and flowers and children, to love and prayer and Home.

Be Not Angry Long

ANGER may repast with thee for an hour, but not repose for a night; the continuance of anger is hatred, the continuance of hatred turns malice. That anger is not warrantable which hath seen two suns. Francis Quarles

Robert Louis Stevenson's Prayer

WE beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations gathered together in the peace of this roof, weak men and women subsisting under the covert of Thy patience.

Be patient still; suffer us yet a while longer—with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavours against evil, suffer us a while longer to endure and (if it may be) help us to do better.

Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction.

Be with our friends, be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us, our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

The Place Beloved

GOD gave all men all earth to love, But since our hearts are small, Ordained for each one spot should prove Beloved over all. Rudyard Kipling

SOLITUDE

OBURDEN of solitude, that cleavest to man through every stage of his being! in his birth, which has been; in his life, which is; in his death, which shall be—mighty and essential solitude! that wast, and art and art to be; thou broadest like the Spirit of God moving upon the surface of the deeps, over every heart that sleeps in the nurseries of Christendom. De Quincey



CARRY ON

THE HARVEST FIELDS OF FREEDOM

BE patient, oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth; Listen there how noiselessly the germ of the seed has birth; How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way, Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in day.

Be patient, oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought Must have their silent undergrowth—must underground be wrought; But as sure as there's a Power that makes the grass appear, Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient, oh, be patient! Go and watch the wheat-cars grow So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor throe, Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown, And then again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient, oh, be patient! Though yet our hopes are green, The harvest-fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny sheen. Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent way, Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on Freedom's Harvest Day. Richard Trench

Our Friends

WITHOUT friends no one would choose to live, even if he had all other goods.

For the rich, and to those who possess office and authority, there seems to be an especial need of friends; for what use is there in such good fortune if the power of conferring benefits is taken away, which is exerted principally and in the most praiseworthy manner towards friends? Or how could it be kept safe and preserved without friends, for the greater it is, the more insecure is it. And in poverty, and in all other misfortunes, men think that friends are the only refuge. Friendship is also necessary to the young in order to keep them from error; and to the old as a comfort to them, and to supply that which is deficient in their actions on account of weakness; and to those in the vigour of life to further their noble deeds. Aristotle

MEN WANTED

Give us men;
Strong and stalwart ones;
Men whom highest hope inspires;
Men whom purest honour fires;
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country
wreath them

As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires;
Men who never shame their mothers;
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others;
Give us men!

Thinking and Feeling

THE world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel. Horace Walpole

Give Your Friend Liberty

GIVE thy friend counsel wisely and charitably, but leave him to his liberty whether he will follow thee or no; and be not angry if thy counsel be rejected, and he is not my friend that will be my judge whether I will or no. Jeremy Taylor

LIVING AND LOSING

Whoso lives for humanity must be content to lose himself. O. B. Frothingham

The Lonely Dreamer

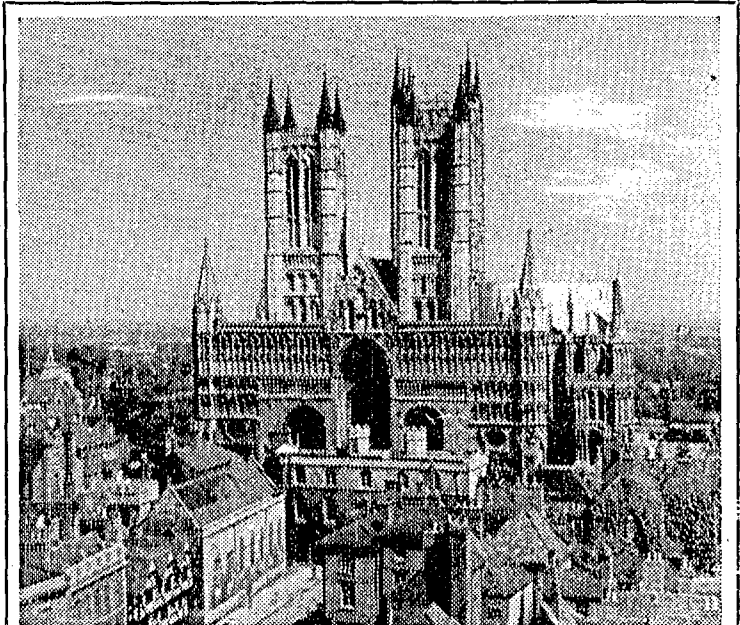
He came to the desert of London town,
Grey miles long;
He wandered up and he wandered down,
Singing a quiet song.

He came to the desert of London town,
Mirk miles broad;
He wandered up and he wandered down,
Ever alone with God.

There were thousands and thousands of human kind
In this desert of brick and stone;
But some were deaf and some were blind,
And he was there alone.

At length the good hour came;
he died
As he had lived, alone;
He was not missed from the desert wide;
Perhaps he was found at the Throne.

James Thomson on William Blake



Lincoln's lovely cathedral seen from the ruined Norman castle. The cathedral, one of the most magnificent in England, was begun about 1030, but most of the building was set up between 1200 and 1500.

The Academy Carries On THIS YEAR'S PICTURES AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

BECAUSE there are all too few pictures in London for us to see, the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy, flowering as usual in the month of May, seems brighter and more varied than in other years.

It brings a breath of summer into our dark days with its pictures of the countryside, of fields and trees placid in the sunshine, of sleepy villages, of the farm horse and her foal in the pasture.

There are corners of Cornish fishing towns by the sea; of the entrance to Dartmoor; of the tidal Severn; of barges unloading at Mersea Island; of Fittleworth in Sussex, and summer morning at Blakeney near the bird sanctuary. Nor are London and the towns forgotten. There are pictures of the suburbs, notably by Mr Francis Dodd, who delights in them; street studies of Regent's Park and Cheyne Walk; glimpses of Winchester and the City Garden at Dundee; the Bridge at Stirling, and, to remind us of some things not so charming, the new Waterloo Bridge under construction. To make up for it there are some stirring impressions of the dark and silver Thames when night begins to fall.

Among the scenes beneath the blue skies of summer days are a number painted when the snow of the winter that has gone covered them with its mantle and proved a welcome gift to artists in search of new subjects. There is a small picture painted by our modern pre-Raphaelite, Charles Spenceclay, which is not a landscape but the interior of a modest room. It is crowded with everyday pictures and objects and sums up the scenes and landscapes and the Academy itself in its title "There will always be an England."

All Nations Work Together For This THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

Boy. My postage stamp album is getting full. There are so many new issues that they become difficult to follow. I often think how wonderful it is that, by sticking a little stamp on a letter, I can send a message to countries I am never likely to see! How is it arranged?

Man. You have hit on a matter that few people trouble to understand. It is indeed miraculous that by putting a stamped letter into a red box in England we can be sure that it will be taken across the sea or through the air, and delivered to somebody living on the banks of the Amazon, or in the ancient city of Alexandria, or on the tenth floor of a towering apartment-house in New York!

Boy. By buying a stamp I seem to command the services of the post-office officials at home and abroad. They obey my order to deliver my letter, no matter to whom it may be addressed.

Man. There is no better time to talk of peace than when we are fighting, and this question of the world post is a splendid example of how nations can and do help each other. It is done by the International Postal Union, which holds a congress to which all nations send representatives every five years. This body does everything: it can encourage the rapid transit of mails.

Boy. Who gets the money I pay for a stamp to send a letter to a foreign country?

Man. The British Government. It is left to each nation to charge what it thinks fair for the service, and each nation agrees to work for every other nation in postal matters without charge. The French Government gets the money paid for stamps used to send letters to England, while the British Government gets the money paid for stamps to France. The matter is treated as one of mutual service. We are so

Yet, peaceful and traditional as the exhibition is, some notes of the troubled world in which it makes its appearance creep in. For example, there is a historic painting of the Battle of the River Plate, and another of the return of the Exeter which played so gallant a part in it to Plymouth. In many a picture the searchlights stab the sky; and in one an air battle between bombers and fighters brings the war, if not to our doors, then at



Edwin Bramall, a 16-year-old Eton scholar, varnishing one of his pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy.

any rate to our skies. The Navy has a deserved share of the Academy walls.

The Army is not forgotten; troops on the march in the rain, a stern if fanciful procession; and a realistic portrait of General Carton de Wiart, whose story we read on this page. A fine painting of the arrival of the King and Queen at Quebec is the only royal picture, except a portrait of the late Duchess of Argyll.

There are beautiful, stately, and dignified things in the exhibition, but there are a few that are ugly and of far from good report.

accustomed to this that we think it a matter of course, yet it is a most remarkable thing in a world like this.

Boy. I like the thought of the official post-office of each nation thus working for all the world.

Man. Yes. We see a big body of postal servants in each country serving the world and being served by the world. The general gain it is impossible to exaggerate. Civilised life largely depends on it. The postman is a symbol of peaceful association. If he has not wings on his feet, like the god Hermes, he is taking increasingly to the air and growing even swifter in his flight.

Boy. What a pity war interrupts his good work!

Man. Yes, but notice that, even when war comes, civilisation has become so accustomed to furthering communication that it is felt that some facilities must be provided to enable prisoners of war to communicate with their loved ones. Let us never cease to believe that peace will triumph, and men be as helpful to each other in all things as they have proved it possible to be in establishing a Postal Union.

IVSP

CN readers know of the gallant little movement which calls itself the IVSP, meaning International Voluntary Service for Peace.

Its members are in many lands, and they give themselves to help with great pieces of work. At Hawkshead they have been helping the Forestry Commission and have planted 50,000 trees; after a little experience they expect to be able to plant 500 trees a day for each man. They have a centre called Hugh's Settlement, and here they have repaired an old glass-house which has recently been used for sprouting seed potatoes.

VENUS AT HER BRIGHTEST

Her Curious Path in Approaching the Earth

By the C N Astronomer

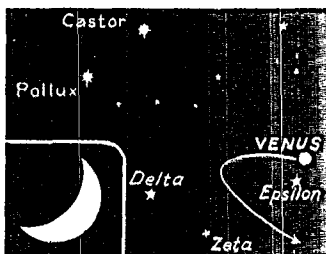
Venus continues to be the grandest feature of the evening sky. She is now at her greatest brilliance and her position among the stars of Gemini provides an added interest as it will be easy to note her changing position relative to the bright stars Castor and Pollux, which are a little way above Venus and toward overhead.

During the next four weeks a remarkable course will be taken by Venus, as indicated by the bent arrow on the star-map. Her present position is apparently very close to Epsilon-in-Gemini. On Monday next, when Venus reaches the peak of her brilliance she will appear only about three times the Moon's width above this star; actually Venus is about 326 light-years away from Epsilon, which is a giant sun, whereas Venus is only about four minutes light journey from us; from this we see what a vast span of space extends beyond Venus to Epsilon.

Speeding Toward Earth

Until the end of May Venus will travel to the left away from Epsilon, then when midway from Delta-in-Gemini she will appear to hesitate, as it were, and travel away in the reverse direction as shown on the star-map. All this is what appears to happen, but actually Venus is speeding toward us all the time and at the great rate of some 1300 miles a minute. At present Venus is about 43,700,000 miles away but in a month's time her distance will have been reduced to about 29 million miles. The curious curve on our map, therefore, indicates to watchers from the Earth the apparent course taken by Venus as she travels on her orbit during the next four weeks. It should be remembered that, during this time the Earth has been speeding away from Venus, but because our world travels at a slower rate Venus gains upon us.

As Venus gets nearer it might be supposed that she would continue to get brighter, but this will not happen because after Monday next, May 20, she will gradually come more and more between the Earth and the Sun. So while the apparent size of Venus will grow, the sunlit portion as seen from the Earth will become reduced in area, as in the waning Moon, until by the middle of



Venus among the stars of Gemini

June hardly any sunlit portion will be left and ultimately Venus will vanish as an Evening Star.

She will be at her nearest to us on June 26 when she will be almost between the Earth and the Sun; actually Venus passes some way below the Sun on that day and will be about 26,900,000 miles away, thus coming much nearer than Mars did last summer, though of course, Venus will be invisible because her dark unlit hemisphere is toward us.

The present extent to which Venus is lit up as seen in a telescope is shown in the inset on the star-map; but every day the crescent will become thinner although greater in width between the cusps until, as stated, the whole will vanish—to reappear as a Morning Star in July. G. F. M.

Fast Plane and Slow Turn WHEN SPEED DEFEATS ITSELF

IT is a curious fact that speed may easily defeat itself, as when the speedy motor-cars of London or New York impede traffic by their number.

A case of a different sort is that of the fast aeroplane, travelling at anything up to 350 or 400 miles an hour. If an aeroplane is to fight it needs speed of manoeuvre, but if it is travelling at a high rate of speed it is difficult to turn it round quickly.

The radius of turn of the plane depends on speed, because the wrenching action of the turn becomes too great, both for man and machine, at a certain point.

What is commonly called centrifugal force comes into play. There is no separate thing called centrifugal force; it is merely the effect of the first law of motion—that a

body, set in motion, continues to move on in a straight line. When a plane is travelling at 350 miles an hour, and the pilot turns it, the machine has to overcome the law of motion which causes it to move on in a straight line at 350 miles an hour. The turn, therefore, gives it a terrific wrench, which may shatter it. What is done to avoid this is to make a wide turn; the greater the speed the greater the turn has to be. So a very speedy plane may defeat itself in manoeuvre and be beaten by one with less speed but able to turn more quickly.

It is found that a pilot can withstand the strain of turning better if he lies on his back instead of sitting upright. The marvel is the test of human endurance and courage against odds.

The British Leader in Norway

IN Adrian Carton de Wiart, V.C., the Allied forces in Norway had a general worthy of any force of high adventure, for he can hardly be surpassed in courage and endurance in the British Army.

He stepped ashore in Norway like a second Nelson at the height of his career, having lost an eye and a hand, indeed having lost a foot, too, yet ready as ever for what might befall.

Born 60 years ago at Brussels, where his father was a lawyer and his uncle Minister of Justice, Adrian went to school at Edgbaston and was studying law at Balliol, Oxford, when the South African War broke out. He enlisted in the Middlesex Yeomanry as a trooper and was wounded twice in that campaign, obtaining a commission in the Dragoon Guards at its close.

When the Great War began Captain Carton de Wiart was serving with the Somaliland Camel Force, whence he came to Flanders minus one eye but wearing the D.S.O. There he received many wounds including the loss of his

left hand at Zonnebeke. In spite of this he commanded the Gloucestershire Regiment when it captured La Boisselle in July, 1916, winning the V.C. and this high tribute:

It was owing in great measure to his dauntless courage and inspiring example that a serious reverse was averted. After three other battalion commanders had become casualties he controlled their commands, and ensured that the ground won was maintained at all costs. He frequently exposed himself in the organisation of positions and supplies, passing unflinchingly through fire barrage of the most intense nature. His gallantry was inspiring to all.

Major-General Carton de Wiart had actually been wounded 11 times before he retired from active service in 1923, and it so happened that he was in Poland when the Germans swooped in. He succeeded in getting away by a miracle, and was chosen as the proud and inspiring leader of the forces which so gallantly endeavoured to set Norway free.

Beyond the Dreams of Budgets Long Ago

IT is interesting to remember that our Governments in other days financed their campaigns with taxes on wool, and by loans or gifts from the wealthy and direct taxes on the possessions of the people.

Nowadays we raise immense revenues from things entirely unknown to them.

Rare metals, indispensable to modern engineering, of which they knew nothing; matches, unthinkable to them, are a goldmine to the Chancellor now, while stamps, postcards, telegrams, and telephones are wonders they never thought of.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer now derives revenue from multi-

tudes of articles that would have seemed fantastic impossibilities to our forefathers. Our ancestors had no motorcars to tax, no petroleum, no artificial silk, no chemicals.

Until the discovery of the New World there was little gold available; money was very scarce and so bought much—a sheep for a few pence, a bullock for a few shillings, and there was little to tax. Men gave service and that of their retainers for wars. We serve, too, up to prescribed age limits, but the money to arm, clothe, transport, feed, and sustain us comes in the main from sources unguessed at in other days.

The Soft Answer

Captain Joseph Gainard, skipper of the City of Flint, which was stopped by the Deutschland and taken as a prize to a Norwegian port, has been telling his experiences.

We are indebted to an American friend for an account of his very telling reply to a question he was asked by the German officer who boarded his ship and asked if he could take aboard "38 male passengers of a very undesirable type." They turned out to be the crew of a British ship the Deutschland had sunk. Captain Gainard said he could take them. "But," objected the German officer, "you are only a cargo boat; how can you accommodate so many?" "The last time I took passengers aboard," replied Captain Gainard, "there were 223 passengers." "And who were they?" "They were survivors of the Athenia," he said, "torpedoed on the first day of the war."

Goodbye to Much Beauty

Throughout the land woodmen are felling trees to meet the needs of war. The work has to be done quickly and we have brought in thousands of lumberjacks from Newfoundland, where there is so much timber and so little employment, to push on with it.

It would be far better, of course, if the Newfoundland woodmen could fell trees at home to give us timber, but ships are short.

Timber, even of the soft variety, is slow of growth, and what the woodmen are now doing is to destroy for our time much of the beauty of Britain, for it will take 30 or 40 years to replace the trees.

The coal-mines consume an enormous amount of timber for pit-props. Before the war we imported for the mines every year some 2,000,000 loads of wood (one load being 50 cubic feet) and much of it from Scandinavia.

May 18, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

7

C N ANIMAL STRIP

SEVEN HORNED HEADS



From left to right the animals shown are the Chamois, Gemsbok, Moose, Gaur, Lancashire Bull, Rough Fell Ram, and Mysore Cow

PINOCCHIO

The Tale of a Puppet

In last week's instalment we left Pinocchio as he was bidding Good-night to the Shadow of the Talking Cricket, whom he had encountered when following up the Cat and the Fox on a dark road at midnight.

Pinocchio Runs For His Life

"REALLY," said the puppet to himself, as he went on, "how unfortunate we poor children are! Everyone scolds us and preaches to us and gives us good advice. Just think! Because I didn't listen to that annoying old cricket, I don't know how many misfortunes I am to meet with, according to him."

At that moment Pinocchio thought he heard a rustling in the bushes behind him. He turned round to make sure, and saw in the darkness two black figures muffled in coal-sacks, who were coming after him on the tips of their toes like two phantoms.

"Hallo, here are robbers!" he said to himself. And, not knowing any better place in which to hide his four sovereigns, he slipped them under his tongue.

Then he tried to escape, but he had hardly taken the first step than he felt himself seized by the arm, and heard two gruff voices say in his ear:

"Your money or your life!"

Pinocchio, not being able to answer on account of the money hidden in his mouth, began a sort of pantomime, trying to make these two muffled persons, whose eyes gleamed at him through two holes, understand that he was only a poor puppet, with not a farthing in his pocket.

"Enough of this nonsense! Out with your money!" cried the brigands in a fierce voice.

But the puppet shook his head and spread out his hands, as if to say, "I haven't any."

"Bring out your money, or you are a dead man!" said the taller of the two robbers.

Pinocchio cried out, and the sovereigns rattled in his mouth.

"Ah, you rogue, you have hidden the money under your tongue! Bring it out at once!" said the brigands.

But Pinocchio was stubborn.

"You're pretending to be deaf, are you? Wait a minute, and we will make you give it up," said the brigands.

One seized him by the tip of his nose and the other, by the chin, and then they both began pulling in opposite directions most unmercifully, trying to force him to open his mouth. But it was all in vain.

Then the smaller of the assassins tried to force something between the puppet's lips; but, quick as lightning, Pinocchio seized the hand in his teeth and bit it, when, to his astonishment, he found it to be a cat's paw.

He then wrenched himself free, sprang over the hedge, and began once again dashing across the fields. And the robbers raced after him like two dogs after a hare.

Pinocchio ran till he could run no longer, and then, seeing himself lost, he clambered up the trunk of a tall pine and sat cross-legged on the topmost branch.

The robbers tried to climb up after him, but when they had got halfway up they slid down again, scratching themselves badly as they fell.

But they did not intend to give it up. They collected a bundle of dry wood and, placing it at the foot of the tree, set fire to it. In less than no time the pine was flaming and smoking like a candle blown by the wind. Pinocchio watched the flames coming higher and higher, and he sprang down from the tree and began once again running across fields and vineyards, the brigands after him.

In the meantime day had begun to dawn, and he found the way suddenly barred by a large, deep ditch, full of water. What was to be done? "One, two, three!" cried the puppet; and, breaking into a quick run, he leapt over to the other side. And the robbers leapt after him; but, not having judged the distance well, they fell—splash!—right into the middle of the ditch.

Pinocchio Reaches the Fairy Palace

PINOCCHIO, hearing the thud and the splash of the water, called out laughingly, "I hope you'll enjoy your bath, gentlemen," and went running off.

He thought they were already dead and at the bottom of the ditch, when, turning round to make sure, he discovered they were both rushing after him.

The puppet, losing all hope, was about to fling himself on the ground, when he caught sight of a snow-white house gleaming through the trees.

"If only I had breath enough to get as far as that I should be safe!" said he.

And, without losing a moment, he began to make his way through the wood, the assassins always after him. After running a long time Pinocchio at last reached the house, quite out of breath, and knocked at the door. Nobody answered.

He knocked louder, for he heard his pursuers approaching. Then he began

kicking and thumping. At last a beautiful child appeared at the window. Her face was like wax, her eyes were closed, and her hands crossed on her bosom. Without moving her lips, she said in a strange, far-off voice that seemed to come from another world: "There is nobody at all in this house; they are all dead."

"You, at least, might open to me!" cried Pinocchio, weeping and sobbing bitterly.

Hardly had she spoken than the child disappeared, and the window closed noiselessly.

"Oh, beautiful child, open to me—" began Pinocchio.

But he never finished, for he was suddenly seized by the neck, and two horrible voices whispered menacingly, "This time you will not escape us!"

The puppet, seeing death before his eyes, began trembling so violently that the very joints of his limbs creaked, and the four sovereigns rattled in his mouth.

"Well, then," asked the assassins, "will you open your mouth or not? Ah, you won't answer?"

Never mind. This time we'll make you open. They tied his hands behind his back, and then fastened him to a tree. "Now," said they, "we shall leave you here till you open your mouth and give up the money." Then, after a bit, they said mockingly, "Goodbye till tomorrow! When we return we hope you'll have the goodness to open your mouth."

And then they went away.

While poor Pinocchio, left fastened to the oak-tree, seemed more dead than alive, the beautiful child appeared at the window, and, being touched at the sight of the poor puppet, clapped her hands three times.

A large falcon at once came to the house and perched itself on the window-sill.

"What are your commands, O gracious fairy?" said the bird. For the child was none other than a good fairy.

"Do you see that puppet hanging to a branch of the great oak?"

"Yes, I see the quaint little creature."



The Fairy offered the glass to Pinocchio

PETER SIMPLE'S QUESTION BOX

Does a Spider Ever Run Short of Web?

In a general way a spider does not run out of the material of which it spins its web while it can find enough food to eat. There used to be a legend that after the common garden spider had spun the web of wondrous circular pattern three times it would spin no more. But there is no proof of this old story. If accident or mischief should destroy the garden spider's web overnight another web will be found in its place next morning, for the spider applies to its web-spinning the maxim of try, try, try again while summer lasts. The common garden spider lives only for a summer, so that its web-spinning can last only for that time, and the silk, being a secretion of its body, is dependent on the spider's daily nourishment. When the winter comes the

"Fly over there at once, and with your strong beak break the knot that binds him to the tree, and lay him gently on the grass at the foot of the oak."

The falcon flew off, and in a couple of moments returned, saying:

"I have done as you commanded."

Then the fairy clapped her hands twice, and a beautiful poodle appeared, walking upright on his hind legs like a man.

He was dressed like a coachman in grand livery, with a three-cornered gold-braided hat upon a wig of powdered white curls that hung down at his back; a chocolate-coloured waistcoat was fastened with diamond buttons, and he had two large pockets for the bones that his mistress gave him at table, a pair of crimson velvet knickerbockers, silk stockings, low shoes, and a kind of umbrella-covering behind, made of blue satin, to slip his tail into when it rained.

"Look sharp and have the best carriage in the stables harnessed, and take the road through the wood. When you reach the great oak you will find a poor puppet lying half dead on the ground. Lift him up carefully and lay him very gently on the cushions, and then drive back here."

To show that he had understood, the poodle wagged his satin covering twice, and then went rushing off like a racehorse.

A moment or two later a beautifully coloured carriage was seen leaving the stables. It was stuffed with canary feathers, and lined inside with whipped cream and sponge-cake in custard. The carriage was drawn by little mice, and the poodle was perched up on the box-seat, cracking his long whip right and left.

A quarter of an hour later the carriage returned, and the fairy, who was waiting on the doorstep, took the poor little puppet in her arms and carried him into a room where the walls were of mother-of-pearl, and laid him very gently and carefully on a beautiful bed with soft pillows.

The fairy came over to Pinocchio, and, laying her hand on his forehead, discovered that he was in a high fever. So she dropped some white powder into half a glass of water and stirred it up. Then she offered it to Pinocchio, saying lovingly, "Drink it, dear puppet, and in a few days you will be well."

Pinocchio looked at the glass, and, making a wry face, gulped it down in a breath. Then he sprang out of bed quite well.

TO BE CONTINUED

garden spider dies, though in a very mild winter it may survive till another year. But there are other spiders which hibernate through the winter, hidden away in crevices, and when spring comes they begin again their spinning.

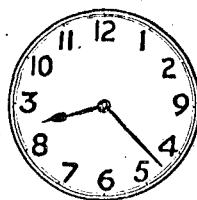
Why Are Some Garden Rollers in Two Parts?

Most of the larger garden rollers have the iron cylinders in two sections, because this arrangement facilitates turning. When anything is being turned round the outer portion of it, of course, has to move much more rapidly than the part which acts as a pivot on which the whole is to turn. When the garden roller is made in two parts, therefore, one section can move at a greater rate than the other, and thus the heavy roller can be turned right round without damaging lawn or path as it moves.

BEDTIME CORNER

FATHER, oh, bless Thou me!
Living or dying, waking or sleeping,
Such as I am, I commit to Thy keeping:
Father, guide Thou me!

WHAT is wrong in this picture of a clock face?



Is Your Name Here?

REARRANGE these letters to spell a boy's name: KACJ.

A HUNGRY fox stood gazing at some grapes that were growing too high for him to reach. "Well, never mind," he said. "Anyone can have the grapes for all I care, they are bound to be sour."

Sour grapes are the things people pretend to dislike when they cannot acquire them.

A Bible Question

Who was the wise man that was thrown into a den of lions?

Daniel

DEAR Lord, who givest me life, as I kneel at the end of another day I pray that thou wilt give me a heart that is full of thankfulness.

Amen

MARIE ELISABETH REALLY ARE SARDINES!
For hasty breakfasts and tasty teas.

THE BRAN TUB

Next Best Thing

AN absent-minded professor was deep in his work when his wife called out to him: "Henry! Baby has swallowed all the ink in the inkpot! Whatever shall we do?" "Write with a pencil, I suppose," was the dreamy reply.

A Tongue-Twister

A TUTOR who tooted a flute Tried to teach two young tooters to toot. Said the two to the tutor, "Is it harder to toot, or To tutor two tooters to toot?"

The Height of an Elephant

It is a curious fact that the height of an elephant is just double the distance round its foot. Until fairly recent times this was the way in which elephants were measured in India. In that country elephants work hard, and the amount of food given is decided by the height of the animal. Double the distance round the foot of an elephant is the height of the elephant within a fraction of an inch. Nowadays Indian elephants are measured with an upright scale and crossbar which can be moved up and down.

Ourselves and Others

"O WAD some power the giftie gie us To see oursels as others see us!" But how much better if by spells Others could see us as we see oursels!

Jacko Gets Caught



WHEN Jacko saw a heap of stones at the side of the road it put an idea into his head. "Let's build a rockery," he said to Chimp. "Complete with fountain," he added, pointing to a hose-pipe lying near. "What a lark!" cried Chimp, setting to work. "That looks fine," said Jacko presently; "now I'll turn on the tap." But the roadman, who had been watching them, got there first. Swish! Up shot the water—right over the two young rascals!

One-Minute Problem

IF A and B and B and A together make three hundred, and B is twice A, what is B?

Answer next week

The Pot and the Kett's

A TEACHER from Ypsilanti, one from Kalamazoo, and one from Spoken, were visiting Wales.

"What funny names these Welsh places have!" they all exclaimed together.

Explaining Himself

"KNOW you?" said an Irishman on being reproached with cutting a former acquaintance, "know you? No, I don't know you; and if, when I did know you, I'd known you as well as I know you now, when I don't know you at all, I'd never have known you!"

Wagner's Autograph

WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER, the great German composer, was born at Leipzig, May 22, 1813. Not only did he compose but he also wrote the words for many wonderful operas which have won for him everlasting fame. This is how he wrote his name:

Wagner

A Salt Assault

I'm going out a-hunting, I'm going to have some fun; But there will be no danger, Although I have a gun.

Storks, pigeons, and canaries, I'll bring home without fail; For I'll load my trusty gun with salt, And shoot them on the tail!

A Puzzle Picnic Basket

IN these verses there are hidden the names of seven kinds of provisions taken to picnics.

In August mamma said,
"A picnic we'll take;
And a calico coat, Fred,
For you I must make."

"My shagreen spectacle-case,
Too, I must find;
And tell Myra dishes
Will weigh on my mind."

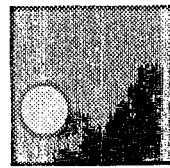
"At Artswell, our rendezvous,
Herbert will wait;
And poor Marcus tardily
Open the gate."

"Thomas, a lad of pluck,
With us shall go;
A great pickle sure he is,
That you all know."

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Mars are in the west. In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are low in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 o'clock on Tuesday evening, May 21.



Perhaps

THERE was a young fellow of Slough Who kept in his garden a cow; It lay down on a bed, And an old lady said, "Perhaps cowslips will grow in it now."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading. Iris, hare, ivy, holly, humble-bee, heartsease, hornbeam, hedgehog, heron.

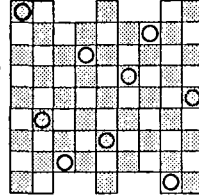
Secret Word

The figures indicate the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth letters of the words, which spell TULIP.

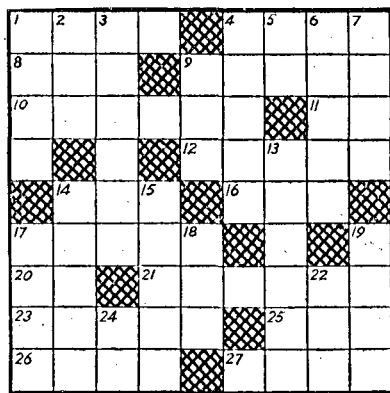
Beheading. Spark, park, ark.

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

The figures in the man's portrait add up to 49.



Half-Hour Cross Word



The asterisk indicates an abbreviation. Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français

Arcadia in the Pacific

In the middle of the Pacific there is a beautiful little island called Pitcairn.

It has a population of 180 people, who have discovered the happiness of a simple and peaceful life. On this small strip of land, 3 miles long and 2 miles wide, the people live in peace and security. There is no gaol, and no locks on the doors and windows. The land is fertile, and supplies the islanders with plenty of food.

No coinage is used, all commerce being carried on by barter.

L'Arcadie dans le Pacifique

Au milieu du Pacifique se trouve une belle petite île appelée Pitcairn.

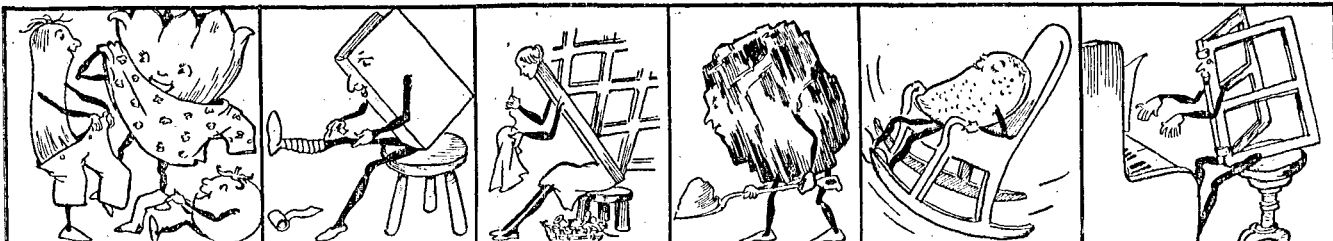
Elle a une population de 180 personnes, qui ont découvert la félicité d'une vie simple et paisible. Sur ce petit territoire, long de trois milles et large de deux, la population vit en paix et en sécurité. Il n'y a pas de prison, et pas de serrures aux portes et aux fenêtres. Le sol est fertile et fournit aux insulaires de la nourriture en abondance.

Il n'y a pas de monnaie en circulation, tout le commerce se fait par le troc.

Reading Across. 1 A bird, and not a bird; but a flier always. 4 A desert nomad. 8 An expert air-fighter. 9 Where dramas are performed. 10 A kind of pea, much used in soups. 11 Thus. 12 France's capital. 14 Healthy and strong. 16 Earth's luminary. 17 Melody or harmony. 20 Indefinite article. 21 This should be a glorious place just now. 23 Internal. 25 Before. 26 One who colours cloth. 27 To form a picture or image.

Reading Down. 1 A kind of cabbage having curled leaves. 2 Frozen water. 3 A court game. 4 Boon of maps. 5 Egyptian sun god. 6 Once more. 7 A good queen and a black horse had this name. 9 To drink in small quantities. 13 This guides a ship. 14 Humorous. 15 A fierce jungle cat. 17 Girl. 18 A motor vehicle. 19 Over again. 22 A period of time. 24 Compass point.*

Have You Ever Seen These Things?



Salad dressing

Book binding

Trellis work

Coal shovel

Almond rock

Horse play

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'



Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

You must play—

PINOCCHIO

The NEW Walt Disney CARD GAME—and the best yet

THE DOLL THAT CAME TO LIFE

For over half a century the story of "Pinocchio" has delighted the hearts of the children of Italy. Now the inimitable art of Walt Disney has brought to life all its wonderful characters.

The game of Pinocchio is the ideal pastime for the home, for any number of players. Every card is different.

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1/6 COLOURED CARDS

Depuy's Series

The Defence of the Realm

calls many fathers from their homes in East End London. The DEFENCE OF THEIR CHILDREN from bad influences is our constant concern. We gather them in to our Eight Mission Halls from the manifold perils of the streets—to save them from the risk of hoodlums. Please assist us financially.—R.S.V.P., The Rev. Perry Ineson, EAST END MISSION, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

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STEWED RHUBARB WITH SHREDDED WHEAT